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## Selected Poetry.

### THE BATTLE OF WESTPORT.

BY CAPT. A. J. MILLER, COMPANY F, 16TH K. V. C.

A lady patron sends us the following versified history of the battle on our border, which saved our State from the ruthless invader, with a request to publish, which we do with pleasure:

The night, the dark and dreary night,
Wore wearily away,
As, arms in hand,
Our little band
Looked for the coming day.

Two days, you know, we fought the foe,
Two days, 'mid iron hail,
Our gallant band
Did firmly stand,
Determined not to fail.

The land alone that is our home,
Our young and gallant State,
Had bid us go
And meet the foe,
Nor on her borders wait.

So speeding on to Lexington,
O'er hills and prairies wide,
We made our way,
By night and day,
Until the foe we spied.

Two thousand men were all we then
Could muster on that plain,
To meet the throng
That poured along:—
Resistance seemed but vain.

But well we knew at Little Blue,
Two thousand more did stand,
Who in the strife
Would lose their life,
Or save their own fair land.

Then, rod by rod, while trusting God,
Contending all the way,
We slowly beat
A good retreat,
But still strove night and day.

O'er all the way, slain foemen lay
Along the weary trail,
And many more
Lay in their gore,
And moaned a dying wail.

Yet, do our best, were sorely pressed,
Nor could we check the band
Of traitors strong,
That swept along,
Till Westport was at hand,

Where, till the dawn of early morn,
We lay in line all night;
For well we knew
The traitor crew
We'd in the morning fight.

Each man, that night before the fight,
Thought long of friends at home,
As on the ground,
The fires around,
They longed for morn to come.

And when at last the bugle's blast
Awoke each Volunteer,
Forth in their might,
With weapons bright,
They rushed, not thought of fear.

And shouting loud, the gallant crowd
Unto the battle sped,
Nor ceased to fight
Till somber night
Closed o'er dying and the dead.

A victory that day had we
Gained o'er the rebel band,
And brought to grief
The traitor Chief,
Who thought to spoil our land.

Each Kansan brave, his home to save,
And save the land he loved,
Throughout the day,
In all the fray,
Himself a host had proved.

Then here's a toast for those who boast
A share in Westport's fray:
May every Reb
Soon lie as dead
As those who fell that day.

May every Tad who fought Old Dad,
And every Volunteer,
In honor wear
Their laurels fair,
Nor know a traitor's fear.

Wyandotte, Kan., Dec. 25, 1864.

## Selected Sketch.

### THE LOST BANK NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

I was seated in my office busily engaged in hunting up the law for a certain case of importance, when the door was timidly opened, and a young lady, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, stepped into the room.—Without being very pretty she had a countenance and an expression which would not fail to attract the interest of the beholder.

She was quite pale, and seemed to shrink with instinctive dread from the glance I bestowed upon her. Yet her quiet, and gentle manners had already won my sympathy. Her sad face and timid movements assured me that she had a pitiful tale to tell; yet I was not at the time disposed to hear it.

A visitor with a less prepossessing face would have called forth a frown and a short answer, for I was in the very midst of an investigation which promised to reward my search in a most satisfactory manner.

She advanced towards my desk, and I closed my book to receive her.

'Mr. Docket?' said she, and I saw her lips trembled with emotion as she spoke the words.

I signified to her that I was the person she sought, and handed her a chair; a civility which her trembling frame enabled her to appreciate, for the agitation seemed to be entirely beyond her control.

After allowing her a few minutes to recover her self-possession, I gently inquired her business with me.

'I have a brother,' she began, and hot tears filled her eyes, and for a moment obstructed her vision.

Her heart seemed to choke her with its wild beatings.

'May I know whom I address?' I asked, modulating my voice so as to afford her all the encouragement which gentle tones could convey.

'Alice Wade,' she replied.

'You seem to be in distress. Let me beg of you to be calm; perhaps your case is not as bad as you suppose.'

'May Heaven send that it be not.'

'Take your own time, Miss Wade. Perhaps you had better wait a few moments till you feel better able to proceed, and in the meantime, I assure you of my desire to serve you.

'Thank you, sir,' sobbed she, and I turned to my law books, so as not to embarrass her by seeming to wait for her to recover calmness.

But I lost the clue to the investigation, and though I fixed my eyes on the books, it was only to think of the weeping maiden by my side. I waited till her sobbings ceased, and then carefully approached the object of her visit.

'I am taking up your time, Mr. Docket; but I have heard that you were a kind and charitable gentleman, and I have ventured to seek your aid.'

It was a very blunt compliment but I doubted not its sincerity. There could be no hypocrisy in that gentle maiden, none, even to accomplish a most cherished purpose.

'Whatever I can do for you, Miss Wade, shall be done with the greatest pleasure.' I added.

'Thank you, sir.'

'You must not look on the dark side of your case. In law we regard a man innocent until he is proved guilty, and you must not regard anything as hopeless, until all efforts to redeem it have failed;' I continued, with a smile from which she seemed to gather the hope I desired to impart.

'I have a brother, and an only brother, who is in the deepest distress.'

'His name, I asked, taking a pen, ready to note down the facts in the case as she detailed them.

'Richard Wade.'

'Go on, if you please.'

'He is a book keeper in the store of Denley & Co.'

'Ah,' and I wrote it down and being acquainted with the firm, I began to feel more confidence in my ability to aid my fair client.

Denley & Co., were merchants of established reputation for integrity and uprightness.

'My mother is a widow, and dependent upon Richard for support. She has been afflicted with a cancer for more than three years, so that I can do the work at home. It takes all of Richard's salary to support us and pay the doctor's bill, but he has labored cheerfully for his poor, suffering mother———.'

The poor girl's emotions checked her again, and I turned to my book to enable her to recover herself.

'Richard is very kind, and never thinks of the many privations which our circumstances compel him to endure. He is contented to work, early and late, and never spends a dollar upon himself. Oh, sir, he is such a good brother.'

'Your mother must be grateful for such a son, and you for such a brother.'

'Oh we are, sir! But poor Richard! He is in jail now,' and again she sobbed as if her heart would break.

'Indeed! In Jail!'

I was not exactly prepared for such a catastrophe as this, and I confess that my feelings, lawyer as I was, were much moved. But it was possible that the poor girl was deceived in regard to her brother, that he was an angel at home and a demon abroad, as I have known more than one man to be. Yet I could not reconcile the glowing eulogium which the young lady had pronounced upon his character with such a conclusion.

'Of what is he accused, Miss Wade? Nay do not weep, he may be innocent.'

'I know he is,' she answered with considerable vehemence.

'Then be assured his innocence will be made apparent to the world.'

'Would that I could feel so.'

'Now, if you please, state the facts of the case, I will make a memorandum of them, and I have no doubt we shall be able to make good of it.'

'Why, sir, mother's sickness had reduced my brother's finances down to the lowest ebb—so low that he had not even enough to pay our quarter's rent and the quarter bills. Richard was much troubled by the difficulty, and for several days he was very sad. But one day he came home with an unusually cheerful face and informed us that he had paid the rent and all the bills.

'We inquired where he had obtained the money. He told us he had borrowed it from a friend, who had started that day for New Orleans. We thought nothing more about it for a week after—that was yesterday—when he did not come to dinner. We were not alarmed, however, but when he did not come home to supper we were much disturbed, and went to the store to seek him.

'Mr. Denley told me that he had been arrested for stealing a hundred dollars from him a week before. I was horrified at the charge and had nearly fallen upon the floor.'

The poor girl wiped her eyes, and I enquired the ground upon which he was accused.

'Mr. Denley was enclosing a hundred dollar bill in a letter, to be sent away by mail, at the desk at which Richard was writing, when a runaway horse dashed by the store. He flew to the door to observe the mad animal, leaving the hundred dollar bill and the half-written letter, as he declared, on the desk.

'On his return the money was no where to be found; Richard had not seen it. Search was instituted, but it was not to be found. It happened that our landlord, who is brother-in-law of Mr. Denley, wished to change a hundred dollar bill, and casually mentioned that he had received it from Richard, in payment for his rent, which he had been delaying for several days.

'Mr. Denley immediately identified the bill as the one he had lost. An officer was called, and poor Richard was thrown into prison. Of course he could not produce the person who lent him the money, and Mr. Denley chose to regard Richard's explanation as a mere invention.'

It was a hard blow to the poor girl, and heavier still to her sick and suffering mother.

It certainly looked like a bad case. The young man's sadness in view of his unpaid bills, his sudden cheerfulness, and worse than all, the positive nature of Mr. Denley's evidence, were all against a successful defence. But I had hope of getting him off, for the identity of the bill, unless actually registered by number, was a matter to which few could positively swear.

I made up my mind to clear him, if there was any such thing—even clear him on a quibble, if no other means offered. I had little hope of establishing his innocence, for my reason assured me that Richard, good son though he was, was guilty of the crime of which he was charged.

I succeeded so well in assuring Alice Wade that her brother would be restored to her that she was quite cheerful before she left.

'You are very kind, Mr. Docket; and I fear we shall never to able fully to repay you. Here are twenty dollars; it is all we have, but you are very kind; and she tendered me a roll of bills.

'No, Miss Wade, nothing. Keep your money; you may want it, though I pray that you may not.

She took her leave, after thanking me again, and I proceeded to consider the case.

I need not detail to the reader the particulars of Richard Wade's examination, upon which he was fully committed. The grand jury found a true bill, and he was arraigned for the trial.

All that my poor skill and humane eloquence could accomplish for the prisoner was unsuccessful; and to my grief and consternation, the jury brought him in guilty, after being out five hours.

Poor Alice! I could not endure the thoughts of meeting her and telling her of the destruction of all her hopes; and instead of going to my office, where I knew she waited my coming, I took Mr. Denley's arm with the intention of getting him to make a statement by which a mitigation of the unfortunate man's sentence might be obtained. Almost unconsciously I led him to Mr. Parker's where we seated ourselves at a table and called for lunch.

'It is a very bad case, Mr. Denley' said I. 'Poor Wade's mother will suffer more than he.'

'I know it, but one cannot submit to be plundered in this manner. Besides, it is a duty we owe to society to assist in punishing the guilty.'

'True, but after all, Mr. Denley, you may be mistaken about the bill.'

'Mistaken! Impossible! I am sure of the bill. It was the same one, if there had been the least particle of doubt about it, I should not have sworn to it of course.

'It might have blown out of the window.'

'The window was closed.'

'You must think Richard Wade was a fool to take such an opportunity of robbing you when, as you testified, he handled hundreds of dollars of your money every day. If he had meant to rob you, it seems to me he would have chosen a better opportunity.'

'The fact is undeniable.'

'Oh, no; I could mention a dozen plainer cases than this where innocent men have been punished.'

'There is no chance for a mistake.'

'You might have thrust it into your pocket and lost it.'

'The same bill reached me again thro' my brother-in-law who received it from Wade,' replied he, at the same time involuntarily thrusting his hands into his vest pockets.

Suddenly I observed a nervousness in his manner and with both hands he began to fumble with great violence at the left hand pocket. He had thrust one finger through a hole near the top of the pocket, and was exploring the recess inside the lining of the garment.

'My God!' exclaimed he suddenly, rising from his chair, while with a nervous twitch he tore away the pocket and drew out a bit of crumpled paper.

My heart leaped as his trembling hand unfolded the paper. It was the hundred dollar bill!

'God forgive me!' exclaimed he, and his cheek glowed with shame.

'You were mistaken, then?'

'I was; come to the Judge with me, Docket,' and he rushed furiously towards the court house.

I need not inform the reader by what formality the judgement was reversed, but it was done at once—perhaps some violence was done to the forms; but Richard Wade walked with me to my office where he was folded in the arms of his loving and devoted sister.

He was saved! He was innocent! What a thrill of joy ran through the veins of the poor girl.

We were immediately joined by Mr. Denley, who took to himself much blame for the part he had acted. He apologised in very humble terms to his bookkeeper.

'You meant right, Mr. Denley,' taking his proffered hand in token of forgiveness.

'I was wrong, and the events of this day have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget,' replied the merchant. 'I shall make such amends as are in my power, and I shall begin by doubling your salary.

'Thank you, sir, you are very kind. My innocence is established, which is of more consequence to me than anything else.'

The parties left my office soon after.

The scene when the poor mother was informed of the result can easily be imagined by the reader. Since that day I have been proud to number among my friends the members of the Wade family.

Richard's friend returned from the South a few days after. He had not received the letters he had sent him and was ignorant of the events which had occurred during his absence. Richard paid him, and it is not a little singular that this same friend became the husband of Alice two years after. Mr. Denley kept his word with Richard, the year after he was admitted as a partner and has long since made a fortune.

Be virtuous or you cannot be happy.

## Historical.

### MARSHAL NEY'S RETREAT.

BY J. S. C. ABBOTT.

One of the most memorable deeds of fortitude and heroism recorded in the annals of war, was performed by Marshal Ney, in the retreat from Moscow. With a division of five thousand men he was cut off from the remainder of the French army. Kutusoff, the Russian general, with eighty thousand men, including numerous cavalry, and with two hundred pieces of artillery, had effectually blocked up his passage.

Ney, with his little band of half-famished soldiers, wavering in their languid march, with guns defective and dirty, and with but six pieces of cannon, rushed upon the hostile batteries, and maintained the unequal conflict in the vain endeavor to cut his way through the masses of the field, until night darkened the field. Then, at midnight, with no thought, even, of surrender, he ordered his troops to turn upon their track, and march back again into the wilds of Russia.

With amazement the troops heard this command, which, without hesitation, they obeyed. It was a cold, gloomy winter's night. The frozen ground was covered with snow, and the blast pierced the worn-out clothing of the soldiers. For two or three hours they traversed in darkness the savage waste, till they came to a small river. Breaking the ice, to see in what direction the current ran, Ney said:

"This stream must flow into the Dneiper. It shall be our guide."

The feeble band, cold, hungry and weary, struggled along until they reached the Dneiper. Its broad and rapid current was clogged with floating masses of ice, and in one spot only, to which a peasant conducted them, was the ice sufficiently firm for them to attempt a passage. And even here it was necessary to pass with the utmost caution. Ney, wrapped in his cloak, slept for an hour upon the snow, while his troops passed over in single file. The ice bent and crackled under their feet.

They then attempted to pass the wagons over, laden with the sick and wounded. The frail surface broke, and several of the wagons sank beneath the ice. A few faint cries only were heard, as the sufferers disappeared in their cold and icy sepulchre. By crossing the Dneiper, Ney hoped, in a long detour, again to reach the army.

The Russians followed the feeble band in its retreat, keeping beyond musket shot, but firing incessantly upon their victims with artillery, from every available eminence.

Napoleon was at Orcha, waiting in the most intense anxiety to hear tidings from Ney. Four days had passed without even a rumor of his fate. The whole army was looking back across the Dneiper, hoping to catch a glimpse of his advancing columns, or to hear the report of his artillery. At the close of a day of solitude and watching, another wintry night developed in its gloom these retreating, woe-stricken armies. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with Gen. Lefebvre, when a shout of joy was heard in the street, and the words, Marshal Ney is safe," fell upon his ear. At that moment a Polish officer entered with the tidings that the Marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harassed by pursuing Cossacks, and in want of immediate assistance. Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and gazing into his eyes, exclaimed:

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it? I have two hundred millions in gold in my vaults at the Tuileries. I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Instantly Eugene was dispatched with five thousand men for the rescue of the Marshal. Eagerly the soldiers left their bivouac fires for the midnight march. For six miles they toiled along through the snow and over an unknown path, often stopping to listen if they could hear any sound of their lost friends. The river, which was their only guide, flowed drear and chill at their side, encumbered with vast masses of floating ice. Gloomy forests of evergreens frowned along their path, and no sound but the tramp of Eugene's battalion disturbed the silence of the night.

At length Eugene ordered his artillery to be discharged, as a shout to call the attention of his friends. Listening anxiously, they heard far off in the distance, in apparent response, a feeble report of musketry. The Marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Both parties, however, understood the language of their guns, and they hastened to meet each other. They were soon united. Officers and soldiers alike threw themselves into each other's arms, and many of these war-worn veterans wept for joy.

The re-united bands, forgetful of past perils and the still greater ones they were yet to encounter, returned rejoicingly to Orcha. As Marshal Ney, with soldierly simplicity and unostentation gave a recital of the dangers and difficulties he had surmounted, and the hardships he had endured, Napoleon grasped his hand, and immortalized him with the title of the "bravest of the brave." Again Napoleon, said, in reference to this same achievement, in words which will never die—"Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."

During this retreat, an unnatural mother, who was one of the camp followers, weary of nursing her crying child, threw it into the snow to perish. Ney chanced to witness the inhuman deed, and, lifting up the child, soothed it tenderly, and restored it to its mother, in the sledge, commanding her to take charge of it. But soon again the woman, whose heart was rendered callous by misery, threw the child into the snow. The Marshal again rescued the little one, took it under his special protection, carrying it for some time in his own arms. The indignant soldiers hurled the mother from the sledge, and left her to be picked up by the Cossacks or to perish on the frozen ground. The little orphan was watched over with the greatest care by the soldiers, as they covered it with furs and blankets in one of the sledges. The child was carried, in the arms of a soldier, through all the horrors of the passage of the Beresina, and surviving the hardships of the most disastrous retreat recorded in the history of war, at length reached Paris in safety.

In the passage of the Beretina, which soon ensued, Ney again displayed his heroism through scenes of horror which have rarely been paralleled, and never surpassed upon this globe. The genius of the French engineers speedily threw two bridges across the stream. The French army consisted of but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and a disorganized mass of forty thousand struggling over these bridges, the Russians, from the adjacent hights, were hurling upon them a storm of shot and shell. Sixty thousand Russians manned those batteries. Ney, taking with him but eight thousand troops, plunged into the densest masses of the foe, drove them before him and took six thousand prisoners.

Through the long hours of a winter's night, this horrid scene of tumult and carnage continued. Thousands were crowded from the bridges into the icy stream, and sank with shrieks which rose above the thunders of the battle. A fearful tempest arose, of wind and smothering snow. The black mass of men and wagons enabled the Russians to direct their guns with more unerring aim. The howlings of the storm, the gloom of the night, the flash and roar of the artillery, the explosion of shells and whistling of balls and bullets, the cries of the onset, and the shrieks of the dying, presented a spectacle which has given the "Passage of the Beresina" perhaps the most prominent position among all the horrors which have occurred in this lost world. The numbers lost have never been fully ascertained. Thousands were swept to an unknown burial. But in the spring, as the ice melted, twelve thousand corpses were dragged from the river.

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Mr. Gurney, (Mrs. Fry's father,) was a strict preserver of his game. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighboring wood; he hurried to the spot and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately re-loading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expression by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's warmth was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what *he* would do if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. "I would ask him in to luncheon," was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

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The husband who does not prefer his own fireside to any other spot on earth, has no place to be happy in.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft, facile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

Beauty without expression tires.—Abbe Monage said of the President Le Bailleul, "That he was fit for nothing but to sit for his portrait."

A man should be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all in it. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

Happiness in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves; contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure-house, and with "godliness is great gain."

What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakspeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm.

## Farm and Household.

HERB AND ROOT TEAS.—All herb and root teas should be made with the same care as green tea. Steep them in earthen dishes, tightly closed, and use the drink while fresh. Most nurses imagine that herb teas are boiled herbs. The infusions lose life as rapidly as green tea, by long steeping and exposure to air. Strain the teas before taking them to a patient, and do not let them become insipidly flat before reaching those for whom they are intended.

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BURNS.—The Gazette Medicale of France says that by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a fresh burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal one hour, the wound is healed. The remedy is cheap and simple, and deserves a trial.

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THE BEST WASHING FLUID: To a gallon of rain water, add a pound of sal-soda and one-quarter pound of lime; put in a kettle over the fire until it boils; set it off until it settles and cools, then pour off and it is ready for use; keep in stone or glass ware, put one-half pint in the first suds, wash out and put one-half pint in when put to boil. This fluid relieves washing day of so much hard labor, that I wish every washing woman had it.—O. J. ECKLEY, Hillsboro'.

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COLD SLAW.—Take a fresh head of cabbage and lay it in cold water for an hour; then cut off all the stalk; shave down the head into very small slips with a cabbage-cutter, or very sharp knife; it should be done evenly and nicely; then put in a sauce-pan one teacupful of vinegar and let it give a boil up; then add a tea-cup nearly full of cream, with the yolks of two eggs, well beaten; let these also give one boil, and then pour it immediately over the cabbage, which must be seasoned as soon as cut, with a salspoonful of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and some black pepper also.

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BOILED RICE.—Examine and wash the rice previous to cooking; if a small quantity is to be cooked, place it in a vessel over a fire, and pour on cold water, covering the rice about half an inch; leave it to boil about half an hour, taking care to add a little hot water if the water boils away; it needs no stirring, and the rice kernel is preserved in shape, which is much nicer than to destroy the shape of the grain by stirring; in the place of water, milk can be added, if desired. If a large quantity is to be boiled at once, then put your rice into boiling hot water and stir until it boils, then set the kettle on the top of the stove, and boil slowly until done; it is improved by adding milk in proportions of one-third milk to two-thirds water.

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LEMON PIE.—A table-spoonful of starch to a tea-cupful of boiling water, (make as if for shirts,) a tea-cupful of sugar, one egg and the grated peel and juice of *one* lemon; this forms a good, firm custard, and is baked between two crusts; it is by far the best and easiest concocted lemon pie I have ever tried; my usual way has been without a top crust, one lemon, one cupful of water, one of sugar, three table-spoonfuls of flour and two eggs, beating whites separately. These are good, but a great bother, and sometimes do not thicken nicely.—M. L. P.

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CREAM CAKE.—Four cupfuls of flour; two cupfuls of cream; two cupfuls of sugar; four eggs; one tea-spoonful of saleratus; salt.

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SUGAR CAKES.—One tea-cupful of sour cream, one of sugar, one tea spoonful of soda, and flour sufficient to make a dough stiff enough to roll out.

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BELL CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar; one cupful of butter; one cupful of cream; six eggs; one tea-spoonful of saleratus; raisins; flavor with lemon.

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TUMBLER CAKE.—Four tumblers of flour; two of sugar; one of milk; three-fourth of butter; one tea-spoonful of soda; two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar, two eggs; raisins.

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BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Take two table-spoonfuls of hop yeast, one pint of sweet milk, one table-spoonful of sugar; sponge over night, and in the morning add a little soda; make into small rolls then let it stand a little time to rise before baking.

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It costs no more to raise a good cow, or a good ox, than it does to raise a poor one. A crab-apple tree takes as much space and nutriment from the earth, as a pippin.

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In selecting hogs, get short noses, small ears, short legs, and short, fine hair. They will fatten easier, and when fatted, the pork is white, tender, and good.